THE right thing to do with the convict labor of the State is to employ it in making public highways that will assist in the rapid settlement of the LAST GREAT POEM, BY CABLE State and facilitate its internal trade and commerce. Tennessee has no legal or just right to lease the convicts to any man for any purpose, and when she does it it is on the principle of the robber Might, who justifies any inferent to himself. We want no slaves or mosters in Tennessee, nor snything that equints in either direction. Let us have done with convict leases.

THE Cunard Stramship Company, o Liverpool and New York, propose putting on a line of very fest steamers between London and New York, each of the versels of the first to be supplied with double screws, and burn gas for fuel instead of coal. The gas is to be supplied from gas meters in London, and is to be made by a new American patent from crude patroleum. It is preposed in this way greatly to lessen the expense for feel, for firemen and the space now occapied by cosl, measuring on the present Canaders 3500 tons. This will be a revolution, indeed,

THE people of Charleston are standing in their own light when they attempt by legis stion to prevent the negroes from organizing labor assemblier. Already, for one resson or another, thousands of them are leaving that State for the Southwest, and this sort of slave-code legislation will have a tendency to increase their numbers and accelerate the speed of their departure. Besides this wrong, there is to follow to the whole South the effect of the cry that will be set up that the Democrats are determined to re-englave the negro. They are free, and should not be interfered with in any of their organizations so long as they do not infract the peace of the State.

Ten Wast Tennessee Democrats, led by the Knoxville Tribune, proposed last fall to hold a caucus for the purpose of selecting a nominee for Gavernor, the other grand divisions of the State having conceded the candidate to them. before the Just convention met the caucus was held at Nashville, and Col. McCennell, of Chattanooga, was selected as East Tennessee's choice for Governor. But the convention refused to andorse the caucus in any way, and after a few ballots nominated Bob Taylor, who refused to go into caucus, thus effectually repudiating it in the name of the Democracy of the State.

THE defeat of Mr. Morrison for the third time proves that the free trade Democrats in the House cannot cope with the minority protectionists, backed by the Republican members, and that if the tariff reform is to come, which nearly sil parties admit is estential, it must be through a compromise measure that will meet the views of both extremes on the tariff question. To effect this Mr. Randall and Mr. Morrison should hold a conference at an early day and sgree upon a bill that will secure the full vote of the Democratic side of the House. The people are anxious and clamorous for tariff reform, and the Democratic party must, acting up to the pledges of the Chicago platform, secure it for them.

THE underlying cause of the persecution of the Ray. Dr. McGlynn, as the Italian correspondent of the New York Times puts it, is the jealousy of the present Archbishop of New York, who regards him as altogether too large a man for the Archdiocese to hold with himself. The connection of the good Doctor with Henry George is merely made the pretext for hissuspension, with a view to his ultimate overthrow. We confess we cannot credit this statement. Archbishop Corrigan could not stoop to persecute a brother priest, and if he did and it was proven Rome would be prompt to prevent the unlawful exercise of the power it has lodged in him.

Every now and then papers north of us take up "the servant girl ques tion," and detail grievances, and find fault, and pour out polite anathemas; then they subside, and the evil goes on unchecked. The New York Tribune is heading such a crusade just now. It finds servant girls to be a bideous lot, and among their other faults they lot, and among their other faults they are too highly paid. This lest complaint comes with an ill grace from a some common est common plant. plaint comes with an ill grace from a paper that is so prominent in its claim to be a benevolent supporter and protecter of American labor. The Tribune points out how ill the labor of sewing girls and others is paid, and asks why they do not accept good wages and plentiful food by becoming household servants. Our American girls are not without their share of the national common sense, and with it they combine some degree of personal pride. Their sense would induce them to accept the better pay and living, but their self respect cannot enarrogance, the cold, measured tones and icy stare accorded the servant. Too often the work of the servant is never done, often the servant's table is most coarsely pro-vided and their room secommodations miserably deficient, while their liberty is ungenerously restricted. There are good and kind mistresces, but there are too many who are the reverse, who make the kitchen a sheel, and the servant's life a bitter portion. If the Tribune can persuade harsh and over-Tribune can persuade harsh and overbearing mistresses to treat their dependents as follow creatures, the position of house servant will cease to be the hateful bugbear to the girls that it he holdes have and drive Innocent cattle under thatch and burn the kindler brutes alive.

LORD TENSYSON'S

AND WIRE.

The Literary Sensation of the Closing Daysoof the Eventful Year, 1886.

London, December 2t .- The following is the complete text of L and Alfred Teanyson's poem, just now the literary

LOCKSLEY MALL SIXTY YEARS

Late, my grandson: half the morning have I seemd these sands tracts.
Watched again the hollow ridges reaging into exteracts:

Wandered back to living boyhood while I heard the carlew's call;
I, myself, so close on death, and death itself in lockele; Hall.

So your happy suit was blasted—she the faultiess, the divine— And you likee—boyish babble—this boy-love of yours with mine. I, myself, have often babbled, doubtless, of a

Babble, babble—our old England may go cown in babble at last. Curse him, curse your fellow-victim—call him dotard in your rage; Eyes that ured a doting boshood well might fool a dotard's age;

Jilted for a wealthier, wealthier; yet per-haps she was no wise.

I remember how you kissed the minature with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hange a painting. Amy's arms about my neck.

Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture—she that clasped my neck had flown; I was left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter aliment; will you sicken for her sake?
You? not you, year modern amourist is of easier, earthir make.

Amy loved me. Amy was a timid child; But your Judith, but your worldling, she had never driven me wild; She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring. She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on his briefer lease of life.
While she vows "Till Death Shall Part" she the would-be widow wife;

She the worldling born of worldlings-father, mother, be content;

Even the bomely farm can teach us there is something in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, clowly sinking now into the ground, Lies the warrier, my torefather, with his feet upon the hound.

Crossed for once, he sailed the sea, to crush the Moslem in his pride; Dead the watrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died. Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering

size have stood, Gazing for one pensive mement on that lounder of our blood. There again I stood today and where of old we knelt in prayer. Close beneath the casement crimson, with the shield of Locksley there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled,
Lies my Amy, dead in childbirth, dead the
mother, dead the child.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears.
Gone tike fires and floods and eatthquakes of the planet's dawning years; Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fallen away. Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day:

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute be-

Gone the comrades of my bivounc, some in fight sgains; the fee, Seme through age and slow diseases gone, as all on earth will go. Gone, with whom for forty years my life in

golden sequence ran.

She, with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man.

Etrong in will, and rich in wisdom, Edith Loyal, lowly, sweet, Peminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet;

Very woman of very woman, nurse of all-ing b.dy and mind. She that linked again the broken chain that bound me to my kind. Here today was Amy with me while I wandered down the coast, Near us Edith's holy shadow smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son, thy father Leonard, early lost at sen, Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine, art lett to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth-for truth is truth-he worshipt, being true as he was brave; Good-for good is good-he followed, yet he looked bayond the grave.

Wiser there than you that, crowning barren Death as Lord of all. Deem this over-trasic drama's closing cur-tain is the ball.

Beautiful was death in him who saw the death but kept the deck. Saving women and their babes and sinking with the sinking wreek.

Gone forever ever? No! For since our dy-Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man.

Those that in barbarian burials killed the slave and slow the wife, Pett within themselves the sacred passion of the second tite.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds begond the night; Even the black Australian, dying, hopes he shall return awhile.

Truth for truth and good for good? Be good? The true, the pure, the just—Take the charm forever from them and they crumble into dust; Gone the cry of "Forward! forward!" lost

within a growing gloom.

Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb;

'Forward!' rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one; Let us huch this cry of "Forward!" till ten thousand years have gone.

Far among the venished races old Assyrian Kings would flay Captives whom they caught in battle, iron-bearted victors they.

Ages after while in Asia he that led the wild Mcgule. Timur, built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulle.

Then and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English names, Christian conquerors took and flung the conquered Christian into flames.

"Love your enemy, bless your haters," said the Greatest of the Great; Christian love among the churches looked the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of blessing man had cointed himself a curse; Rome of Chesar, Rome of Peter which was crueler, which was worst?

Prance had shown a light to all men, preached a gampel all men's good: Caltic Demos rose a demon, shricked and stayed the light with blood.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clanKill your enemy, for you bate him? Still your enemy war a man.

Clinging to the silent mother. Are we devils? are we men? Sweet St. Francis of Assist—would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic holiness used to call the very flowers.
Sisters, brothers, and the beasts whose pains Are hardly less than ours.
Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos. chaos! Who can tell how all will end?
Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the present fatal daughter of the past?
Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last. Are, if dynamits and revolver leave you courage to be wise.

When was are so crammed with menace, mainess written, spoken lie;

Envy wears the mack of leve; and, laughing sober fact to soors.

Cries to weakest as to strongest: "Ye are equals, equal born." Equal born? Oh, yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat,

Charm us, or at or till the lion look no larger than the eat, Till the est, through that mirage of over-heated language, loom; Larger then the loon, Demos end in work-ing its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier. Shall we fight her? Shall we yield? Pause before you sound the trumpy?! Hear the voices from the field!

Those three hundred millions under one im-perial receptor now, Shall we had them? Shall we lose them? Take the sufrage of the plow. Nay, but these would feel and follow truth. if only you and you—
Which of resim—ruining (7) party when you speak—were wholly true.

Plowmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once and still could find. Sons of God and kings of men, utter nebless of mind. Truthful, trustful, look upward to the prac-tived husting's itar; So the higher weilds the lower, while the lower is the higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born by right divine: Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his awine. Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos! Once again

the sickening game.

Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name. Step by step we gained a freedom known to Europe, known to all; btep by step we rose to greatness; through the tonguesters we may fall.

You that woo the voices tell them old Experience is afoot.

Teach your flattered Kings that only those who cannot read can rule. Pluck the mighty from their sent, but set no

Pillory wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her f.ce: Tumble nature heels o'er head and yelling with the yelding streat,
Set the feet above the brain, and swear the
brain is in the feet;

Bring the old, dark ages back without the faith, whithout the hope; Breuk the state, the church, the throne, and roll their ruins down the slope. Author, atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymster play your part;
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hoes of arts;

Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
Down with reticence, down with reverence, "Forward!" naked let them stare.

Feed the budd ng rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer; Send the drain into the fountain lest the stream should issue pure; Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolatsm;
Forward, forward-sye, and backward, downward, too, into the abysm;

your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men; Have we rie or from out the beast? Then back into the beast again. Only dust to dust for me that sicken at your lawless din:
Dust in wholesome Old-World dust before the Newer World begin.

Heated am I? you wonder. Well, it becomes mine age— Patience! Let the dring actor mouth his last upon the stage.

Ories of unprogressive dotage ere the gray-beard full asleep, Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep,

Ay! for doubtless I am old, and think gray thoughts, for I am gray; After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless Maj? After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie.

Some diviner torce to guide us through the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the system—King-doms and Republies fall.

Something kindler, higher, holier, all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races led by armistice, love and truto,
All the millions (?) at length, with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quenched by science - no man, halt, or deaf or blind, Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue? I have seen her far away, for is not Earth as yat so young?

Every tiger-madness muzzlad, every serrent passion silled, Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled?

Robed in universal harvest, up to either pole she smiles. Universal ocean softly #ashing all her war-less islos.

Warless when her tens of thousands, and her thousands militions then. All her harvests all too narrow—who can fancy warless men?

Warless war will die out late, then will i ever, late or soon?

Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as you dead world, the moun.

Dead, the new astronomy calls her. On this day and at this hour,
In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower, Here we met our latest meeting, Amy, sixty She and I. The moon was falling greenish through a rosy glow

Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her now. Here we stood and clasped each other, swore the seeming deathless yow.

Dead? But how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass; Yet the mosnlight is the moonlight, and the sun himself will pass

Venus, near her, smiling downward at this earthlier earth of ours. Closer on the sun, perhaps, a world of never fading flowers. Hesper, whom the post called bringer home of all good things.

All good things may more in Hesper, per-fect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper, Venus, were we native to that splen-dor, or in Mars
We should see the globe we groan in fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite. Rearing London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?

Might we not in gianoing heavenward on a star so silver fair. Yearn and clasp the hands and murmur. Would to God that we were there? Forward, backward; backward, forward, in the inmeasurable sea. Swaped by vaster abbs and flows than can be known to you or me.

All the suns—are these but symbols of in-numerable man? Man or mind that sees a shadow of the Pian-ner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? Or pain in every peopled sphere?
Well, be grateful for the sounding watchword, Evolution, here; Evolution ever climbing after some ideal And Reversion, ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

"What are men that He should heed us?"
cried the King of sacred song.
Insects of an hour that hourly work their
brother insect wrong.

Brutes! The brutes are not your wrongers. All their planets whirling round them, fisch burnt at midden miles a day.

Twisted hard in mortal agony, with their offspring born unborn.

*Many an mon moulded earth before her highest man was born; Many an won, too, may pass when earth is maniese and forloru,

Earth ro huge and yet so bout ded, pools of salt and plots of land. Shallow skin of green easte, chains of mountains, grains of sand.

Only that which made us meatt us to be mightier by and by. Set the schere of all the boundless heavens wi hin the human eye.

Sent the shadow of himself, the Boundless, through the human scal. Boundless inward in the stem, Boundless outward in the Whole. Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the bon-suarded gale; Not tonight in Locksley tinli, tomorrow yeu, you come so late;

Wreaked your train, or all but wreaked a shattered wheel, a victor-boy. Good this "Forward?" You that preach it, is it well to wish you joy?

Is it well that while we ranse with science, g-orying the time. City-children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime? There among the glooming alloys Progress haits with pals of feet, Crime and Hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street;

There the master serimps his haggard seam-stress of her daily broad.

There the single sordid attic hold the loving and the dead.

There the smouldering fore of fever creeps across the rotted floor.

And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor. Nay, your pardon. Cry your "Forward?"
yours are hope and youth; but I—
Eightw wisters leave the dog too same to follow with the cry.

Lame and old and past his time and passing now into the night;
Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light, the fading gleam of even', light, the climmer of the dawn; Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam with dawn. Far away, beyond her myriad coming change, earth will be Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly worst; or, if she gain her earthly best. Would she find her buman offspring, this ideal man at rost?

Forward, then; but st'll remember how the course of time will swerve. Crook, and tern upon itself in many a back-ward streaming curve. Not the Hall tonight, my grandson; death and silence hold their own. Leave the master in the first dark hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am : sound and honest rustic squire, Kindly landlerd, boon companion. Youth-ful jealousy is a liar.

Cast the poison from your besom; oust the madness from your brain; Let the tangled servent show you that you have not lived in vain. Youthful youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower school; Not is the wiseat man who never proved him-self a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea tiliage; art and grace are less and less; Science grows and beauty dwindles, roofs of slated blueousness. There is one old hostel left us where they swing the Locksley shield. Till the peasant one shall but the lion pas-sant from his field.

Poor o'd Heraldry, poor old History, poer old Poetry passing hence, In common deluge drowning old political common sense.

Poor old voice of a shty crying after voices that have fled.
All I loved are vanished voices; all my steps are on the dead. All the world is ghost to me, and as the Phantom disappears

Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.

In this hostel I remember I repeat it o'er his grave— Like a clown—by chance he met me—I re-rused the hand he gave. From that casement where the traitor man-tles all the mouldering bricks. I was then in early boyhood, Edith but a child of six.

While I sheltered in this archway from a day of driving showers.

Passed the winsome face of Edith, like a flower among the flowers.

Here tonight, the pall tomorrow. When they told the chapel bell Shall I hear in one dark room a wailing, "I have leved thee well?"

Then a peal that shakes the portal? One has come to claim his bride. She that shrank and put me from her, shrieked and started from my side? Silent e-hoes. You, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day, Move among your people, know them, fol-low him who led wie way.

Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brothermen. Served the poor and built the cottage, raised the school and grained the ien.

Hears he now the voice that wronged him? Wheehall swear it cannot be? Earth would never touch her wers! were one in fitty such as he.

Ere she gain her heavenly rest a Ged must mingle with the game; Nay, there may be those about us whem we petither see nor name, Felt within us as ourselves, the powers of good, the powers of ill.

Strowing balm or shielding poison in the fountains of the will.

Follow you the star that Hants the desert pathway, your's and mine! Follow till you see the highest; human nature is divine.

Follow light and do the right, for man can half control his doom, Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tombo. Forward! Let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the past!
I that have lostined have come to love him.
Love will conquer at the last.

Hove will conquer at the last.
Gone at eighty! mise own age, and I and you will be at the pall!
Then I leave thee, lord and master, latest Lord of Locksley Hall.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The Delightful Liquid Laxative. Syrup of Figs is a most agreeable and valuable family remedy, as it is easily taken by old and young, and is prompt and effective in curing habitual constipation and the many il's depending on a weak or inactive condition of the kidoeys, liver and Bowels. It acts gently, streng hens the organs on which it acts, and awakens them to healthy activity. For sale by H. J. Heister and all leading druggists; Van Vleet & Co., G. W. Jones & Co., W. N. Wilkerson & Co., and S. Mausfield & Co. have been ap-

pointed wholesale agents at Memphis. He had not slept for twenty-four hours, ecushing all the time. A dose of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup broke his cough, and he slept quietly all night. ARKANSAS CITY Journal: Capt. R. R. Rice, Sheriff of Lincoln county, passed through Wednesday, Memphis bound.

RHEUMATISM, neuralgia and gont are speedily cured by Salvation Oil, the great pain cure.

MERCHANT TAILOR. Cleaning, Dyeing & Repairing, No. 17 W. COURT STREET.

George S. Nichol. -

40 minutes to 2 hours, with head com-plets, or no charge. No Farting required; no pale nous medicines. Can be taken with While the sile t heavens roll, and suus enlars. DR. M. NEY SHITH. Specialist, siles their flery way,

WALL,—At the residence of Major Jne. W. Cheatham, near Wilson Station, on the M. and C. R. R., December 21, 1885, Miss Couxulta A. Wall, aged 45 years. [Holly Springs papers please copy.]

Remains will be shipped to Holly Springs. this (WEDNESDAY) evening for interment TAYLOR-At Summet, N. J., at 6:45 p.m.

Dec 21, 1881, Mrs. JESNIE TAYLOS, daughter of the late A. S. McNear, of this city.

that crowded our store Monday, we will con

To Day

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Our Great Sale TODAY in Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Bats, Feathers,

Flowers, Trimmed Hats. This sale includes the SPECIAL SALE3 be tween 9 and 11 a.m. and 2 and 4 v.m.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED **New Holiday Goods**

In various departments. OUR ENORMOUS SALE OF CLOAKS. SUITS.

WRAPS WILL BE REPRATED TODAY.

ow Souvenirs Distributed to All Purchase NEW ATTRACTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS TODAY AT KREMER'S.

SPECIAL DRESS GOODS SALE-Between 9 and 10 a.m. and 3 and 4 p.; SPECIAL MAY SALK-Between 10 and 11 a.m. and 2 and 3 p. m

PEATMER NALE-Between 10 and 11 a.m. and 2 and 3 TODAY AT



strengthoning, cosily digested and admirably adapted for inval deas well as for persons in bealth old by Greetra everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ho I.a mmant

-AND-

Most Elegant Selection

(DIRECT)

And American Production of

to Our selection comprises Elegant Styles (of the Latest) and BEST Makers, Foreign

and Domestic. 100 Our Goods are Imported DIRECT, through OUR Custom House.



er We have a ear-load of Honduras Bannus, fast received, in excellent shipping order. Can Pack to protect from frost, \$1.00 to 82,25 per Bunch. Enclose movey and order for Holidays, Telephone 958, JOHNNON & GUINEE, 284 Front St.

German Bank or Mempun, t Memphis, Team, December 10, 1886. i The the steckholders of this bank are herely notified that the annual election for Directors to serve the ensuing year will be held at the bank on TUESDAY, January 11, 1887, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. EDW. GOLDEMITH, Cashier.

WHY THEY ARE NOT PURE.

The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder is a fact not questioned by anyone; but the questions are frequently asked: Why do not other manufacturers, also, put up pure baking powders, free from lime, alum, and other adulterants? Is it a fact that the Royal is the only pure baking powder made?

There are three classes of these articles: Cream of tartar baking powders, made from cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda; phosphate baking powders, in which phosphatic acid is used as a substitute for cream of tartar; and alum baking powders, made from burnt alum and soda.

Burnt alum baking powders are of the cheapest class. They cost less than four cents a pound, are concededly poisonous, and because of their well-known inferiority are never sold under their true colors. Baking powders sold with a prize or gift are of this class.

The phosphate baking powders contain from 8 to 12 per cent, of lime, which is an ingredient of the phosphate used in them as a substitute for cream of tartar. It is impossible to eradicate the lime from this class of powders. This baking powder is next to the alum baking powders in cost.

The cream of tartar baking powders, to which class the Royal belongs, to be pure must be made from absolutely pure eream of tartar. The Royal Baking Powder is made from eream of tartar specially refined and prepared for its use by patent processes by which the tartrate of lime is totally eliminated. There is no other process by which cream of tartar can be freed from lime-made 100 per cent, pure -in quantities practical for commercial purposes. Other baking powder makers, not being able to obtain these chemically pure goods (which are used exclusively in the Royal) are dependent upon the cream of tartar of the market, refined by the old-fashioned methods, for their supply, and by those methods it is impossible to eliminate the lime and other im-

These are the reasons why the Royal is absolutely pure,

while all other baking powders contain either lime or alum. The vital importance of absolute purity in the articles we cat as promotive of perfect health is daily more generally being considered. How large a share in producing impure and unwholesome food the lime and alum baking powders

have had in the past, is becoming fully recognized. The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder not only renders it more perfectly wholesome, but its freedom from all extraneous substances makes it of higher strength and effectiveness as a leavening agent, and therefore more economical for use. It is accordingly certified by the U. S. Government Chemists as the most wholesome, effective, and perfect baking powder made.

Total New Business Greater than the total new business of All Other Life Companies now represented in Memphis Combined. Increase in Surplus more than twice the total increase of surplus of all other Life Companies now represented in Memphis.

GILBERT RAINE, : GENERAL AGENT J. F. WALKER, : : SPECIAL AGENT. Room No. 1, Cotton Exchange Building, Memphis, Tennessee

AT COST, FOR TRURTY DAYS, to make room for Spring Stock. One lot Open Enggies, suitable for country use. OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, and fully guaranteed.

Lilly Carriage 325 Second Street. Memphis, Tenn.

5 Car-loads Steel Nails,
3 Car-loads Snuff and Sode,
1 Car-load Lard, Hams and Sansage,
2 Car-loads American Sardines.
1 Car-load New Raisins,
1 Car-load New Salmon,
1 Car-load Tomatoes, Perches, Coro, Etc.,
1 Car-loads Tomatoes, Perches, Coro, Etc.,
1 Car-loads Tomatoes, Perches, Coro, Etc.,
2 Car-loads New York Buckwheat,
2 Car-loads Silver Mon Cream Cheese,
2 Car-loads Silver Mon Cream Cheese,
2 Car-loads Silver Mon Cream Cheese,
2 Car-loads Fire Crackers and Fireworks,
2 Car-loads Fire Bannas,
5 Car-loads Fire Bannas,
5 Car-loads Fresh Fancy Candies,
1 Car-loads Fresh Fancy Candies,
1 Car-load Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Etc.,
a complete assortment of Staple and Fancy Groce

and a complete assortment of Staple und Fancy Grocories , for the special use of Country Merchants.

Oliver, Finnie & Co.

And Commission Merchants. 4 and 36 Madison Street, Melaphia.